



**OUR  
PENS**

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,  
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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## OUR PETS.

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THIS is Pol-ly's own cat, Topsy. She looks ve-ry prim and quiet ; but if you play with her, you will find she is a ve-ry mer-ry lit-le cat. She will jump up-on the ta-ble at break-fast, and run off with Pol-ly's toast; and if mam-ma be wri-ting a let-ter, Top-sy will steal soft-ly a-long the arm of the so-fa, and rub her paw o-ver the last word mam-ma has writ-ten, and make a great blot in the let-ter. Some-times she will sit as still as a mouse on Uncle Tom's shoul-der while he is read-ing, and look so grave-ly on the book that you might think she was read-ing too: but she is not quite wise e-nough for that.

Car-lo is Har-ry's dog, and a ve-ry good dog he is. If you were to throw a stone twen-ty times in-to the foam-ing sea, Car-lo would plunge in, with-out a-ny fear, and bring the ve-ry same stone out



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to you. And if Har-ry loses his ball a-mong the long grass, Car-lo brings it in a mi-nute. And he can do bet-ter things than these, for one day in win-ter, when the ri-ver was fro-zen, and Har-ry was ska-ting on it ve-ry nice-ly, he came to a place where the ice was thin, for a hole had been bro-ken the day before, and there had not been time for it to get hard a-gain. Poor Har-ry broke through the ice and sank down in-to the wa-ter; he would have been drown-ed, but Car-lo di-ved down, and brought him out safe. No won-der Car-lo is a pet.

These pi-geons be-long to little Pol-ly. They have a ve-ry pret-ty house to live in, and Pol-ly feeds them e-ve-ry morn-ing with bar-ley or peas. When they see her come with her lit-tle bas-ket, they all fly down from the roof of the dove-cot, and will hop round her, perch on her should-er, and eat from her hand. But if they see Top-sy steal-ing un-der the Trees, or Car-lo run-ning over the grass-plot, a-way they all fly. The Pi-geons trust Pol-ly, but they will not trust sly puss, nor rough Car-lo. Pret-ty, shy pets, are Pol-ly's pi-geons.





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Rab-bits are pret-ty mild crea-tures. Some-times they live on moors, where they hide in bur-rows, which are holes in the ground, then they run about the fields and eat the green corn, and tur-nip tops, and some-times in win-ter are ve-ry hun-gry. But Har-ry's tame rab-bits have a warm house, and plen-ty of clean straw, and fresh food e-ve-ry day, and are as well off as rab-bits can be that are in pri-son. Har-ry goes in-to the fields to pick clo-ver and rib grass for them, the gar-den-er gives him let-tuce and cab-bage leaves; and he some-times gives them dry corn, for he likes them to have a change of food. The large, fine old rab-bit is call-ed Bun-ny. She is a great pet.

You see here Pol-ly and her Pet lamb. The mo-ther died in the cold wet wea-ther in spring, and the poor lit-tle lamb would have died too, but it was brought in-to the house and gi-ven to Pol-ly, who fed it with warm milk through the spout of her doll's tea-pot e-ve-ry day, till it grew so big that she used to bring it grass to eat. Pol-ly called her pet lamb Nan. and there nev-er was such a pet





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lamb. It fol-low-ed Pol-ly up stairs to the nur-se-ry, and down to the school-room, and round the fields when she walk-ed out; and Pol-ly said, "If Nan did grow to be a great sheep, she should never be kill-ed for mut-ton."

Lit-tle Pol-ly went e-ve-ry morn-ing to the Poul-try yard to see the Poul-try wo-man feed the fowls. Her mam-ma had given her a Cock and a Hen, and a fine brood of chickens, to be her own. She fed them her-self, and they were al-ways rea-dy to come round her when they heard her say, Chuck! chuck! Pol-ly was nev-er a-fraid of the fine, bold Cock, even when he crow-ed so loud-ly that you might have heard him a mile off. He was ve-ry fierce if a-ny o-ther cock came near his fa-mi-ly, but he was quite tame with Pol-ly, and bow-ed like a gen-tle-man when she gave him his bar-ley.



**ROUTLEDGE'S**  
**THREEPENNY TOY-BOOKS,**

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